

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. V.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1896.

No. 3

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second-class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

GEO. H. ELLIS, PRINTER, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.

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TWO POEMS TO HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

[Read on her seventieth birthday, June 14, 1882, by
Oliver Wendell Holmes.]

I. AT THE SUMMIT.

Sister, we bid you welcome,—we who stand
On the high table-land,
We who have climbed life's slippery Alpine slope
And rest, still leaning on the staff of hope,
Looking along the silent Mer de Glace,
Leading our footsteps where the dark crevasse
Yawns in the frozen sea we all must pass.
Sister, we clasp your hand!
Rest with us in the hour that Heaven has lent
Before the swift descent.
Look! the warm sunbeams kiss the glittering ice;
See! next the snowdrift blooms the edelweiss;
The mated eagles fan the frosty air;
Life, beauty, love, around us everywhere;
And in their time, the darkening hours that bear
Sweet memories, peace, content.
Thrice welcome! shining names our missals show
Amid their rubric's glow;
But search the blazoned record's starry line,
What halo's radiance fills the page like thine?
Thou who by some celestial clew couldst find
The way to all the hearts of all mankind,
On thee, already canonized, enshrined,
What more can Heaven bestow?

II. THE WORLD'S HOMAGE.

If every tongue that speaks her praise
For whom I shape my tinkling phrase
Were summoned to the table,
The vocal chorus that would meet
Of mingling accents, harsh or sweet,
From every land and tribe, would beat
The polyglots at Babel.

Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,
High Dutchman and Low Dutchman, too,
The Russian serf and Polish Jew,
Arab, Armenian, and Mantchoo,
Would shout, "We know the lady!"

Know her! Who knows not Uncle Tom,
And her he learned his gospel from,
Has never heard of Moses;
Full well the brave black hand we know
That gave to freedom's grasp the hoe
That killed the weed that used to grow
Among the Southern roses.

When Archimedes, long ago,
Spoke out so grandly, "*dos pou sto*,—
Give me a place to stand on,
I'll move your planet for you now,"—
He little dreamed or fancied how
The *sto* at last should find its *pou*
For woman's faith to lean on.

Her lever was the wand of art,
Her fulcrum was the human heart,
Whence all unfailing aid is.
She moved the earth! Its thunders pealed,
Its mountains shook, its temples reeled,
The blood-red fountains were unsealed,
And Moloch sunk to Hades.

All through the conflict, up and down,
Marched Uncle Tom and Old John Brown,
One ghost, one form ideal;
And which was false, and which was true,
And which was mightier of the two,
The wisest sibyl never knew,
For both alike were real.

Sister, the holy maid does well
 Who counts her beads in convent cell
 Where pale devotion lingers;
 But she who serves the sufferer's needs,
 Whose prayers are spelt in loving deeds,
 May trust the Lord will count her beads
 As well as human fingers.

When Truth herself was slavery's slave,
 Thy hand the prisoned suppliant gave
 The rainbow wings of fiction.
 And Truth who soared descends to-day,
 Bearing an angel's wreath away,
 Its lilies at thy feet to lay
 With Heaven's own benediction.

THE COMFORT OF THE PSALMS.

It was during a summer vacation, many years ago, when, instead of all the holiday life I had been looking for, I had fallen ill. Day by day I lay, not in much pain, quite able to think, looking out, and always before me one long line of ocean and one long sweep of purple mountain; and, over all, by day the infinite deep of the blue sky, by night the slow procession of the stars through deeps more infinite still. There I lay, watching it all, just the ocean and the mountain and the vast, unfathomable world-spaces. And then, as I lay there, there came the news of one of those great catastrophes that at times shudder through the world, and seem to ask mockingly of faith, "Where is thy God?" And, altogether, it came upon me as it had never come before: What is it all? Is it the world of God, as I had been preaching and thinking, or is it all a beginningless and endless developing of atoms and forces, now massing into worlds, now etherealizing into something we call life? So I thought and thought; and perhaps it was that bodily weakness told on the mind, perhaps it was the peculiar unrelieved force with which the mystery pressed upon me, lying there alone. But, anyway, no thinking of my own seemed to help me; and at last all I could do was to lie back, and try not to think at all. And then it was that the help came. "When I thought to know this," said the Psalmist, speaking of the perplexity he felt, "it was too painful for me, until I went into the sanctuary of God." I could not go into the sanctuary; but when the Sunday came, as I lay there in the quiet

Sabbath stillness, listening to the bell of the little village church, there began to come to me old familiar words out of that still older sanctuary of the Psalms, and they seemed to come and rest in my heart with a power and help which I had never felt so strongly before. I do not mean that they made the mystery plain; but somehow they brought back a great certainty of God,—divine life and meaning over all,—with an overwhelming force which I have never since lost.

Sometimes it was that 19th Psalm: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language: their voice is not heard; yet their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

Sometimes it was the 8th Psalm: "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth, who hast set thy glory above the heavens! When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy hands, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

Then, again, it would be that 65th Psalm, which so bravely recognizes the darker elements in nature; for there were earthquakes and fires and awful calamities in those days just as now. "By terrible things in righteousness dost thou answer us, O God," and yet it declares him "the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off on the sea," and comes to that grand climax, "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

Sometimes, again, it would be that 148th Psalm,—about all things praising the Lord: "Fire and hail, snow and vapors, stormy wind fulfilling his word."

But most of all kept coming to me that wonderful song about the teeming, varied world,—the 104th Psalm,—taking in everything, the clouds, the winds, the lightnings, the great deep, the wild asses quenching their thirst at the mountain spring, the birds, the wild goats, "the young lions seeking their meat from God," "man going forth to his work and labor," and all coming to that grand outburst, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

The common people said that Christ's word "was with power." It was not his credentials that made them feel it so: it was something in his words themselves. In reality, this is the very divinest authoritativeness, which, without proving itself, just makes itself felt. And so I feel it to be with these old Psalms. Their power lies in the strong, overmastering conviction with which they are alive and aglow, the sense of the living God. It lies, too, in their testimony to how the heart of man has felt, at its best, through all changes in the world. They come as voices answering to us across the great deeps of time; and their ring of deep, genuine faith, and the trust which has gathered to them through these long three thousand years, help us to feel that the thing is verily so, that "the earth is the Lord's," that it is his "glory" that "the heavens declare," and that "from generation to generation he is God!"—*Brooke Herford.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud,
The world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between,
With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet, and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest
They melt into our dream.

And, in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be,—

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,

And, gently drawn in loving arms,
To swoon from that to this,—

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care!

Sweet souls around us, watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

There is an organ of hope in the brain which perpetually looks forward. It is the instinct of the future. It teaches us that there is not less life for us after death, but more; not less of power, knowledge, love, work, beauty, joy, but more. This belief in the future life does not rest on knowledge or argument, but on the habit of looking forward in faith and trust. Some have more of it, some less. It may be strengthened by exercise. We may look at the dark side or the bright side of things, as we choose. We may look down or up: we may look at our sorrows and trials or at our joys. By looking at the dark side, we lose the power of seeing good. We see only what is selfish, cold, and hard in men, only what is dark and terrible in the universe. Seek, and you shall find. You have what you look after. As a man sows, so shall he reap. A man may think that he believes in a future life because of the arguments in its favor: he may think that he disbelieves it because he has been convinced by the arguments against it. No. He believes in it because he has established the habit of looking at the good side of things, because he has exercised and educated his organs of faith and hope. He disbelieves it because he has not exercised and educated them.

Perhaps it may be said, it is well for those who are naturally hopeful; but what for us who are not so? How can we, who naturally look on the dark side of things, who are easily discouraged, learn to be more hopeful?

The organic faculty of hope differs in different men. But the higher kind of

hope, the religious hope, born of conviction, all men may have. All true religion is hopeful, because the difference between religion and superstition is that to the religious man God is goodness, to the superstitious man God is terror. True religion is that which trusts in the goodness of God, which believes good stronger than evil, truth more powerful than error, right sure to conquer wrong. It is a kingdom of heaven coming to take the place of hell on the earth. It is, indeed, faith, not sight. But this faith comes to us in all our best hours. When we are in our highest mood, we believe in the goodness of God, in the commanding authority of duty, in the immortality of the soul. When we are true, brave, strong, generous, pure, we believe in God. When we are cowardly, mean, selfish, then we believe in the devil.

If, then, we wish to cultivate and strengthen our hope, it must be by increasing our faith in goodness and a God of love. We must have faith in the true God, and that is essentially faith in goodness. Faith in God grows as we live in it and from it. As we believe in justice, truth, honor, and act from that belief, our faith in God and goodness continually become stronger.—
James Freeman Clarke.

THE BIBLE CLASS.

THE CONFESSION OF PETER.

Matthew xvi. 13-28; *Mark* viii. 27-ix. 1;
Luke ix. 18-27.

After healing the blind man near Bethsaida-Julias, Jesus and his disciples "went forth into the villages of Cæsarea Philippi."

They were not in the territory of Herod Antipas, but in the region called Trachonitis under the tetrarch Philip. Here is the eastern and most important source of the Jordan. The town of Cæsarea Philippi still exists, and is called Banias.

Edersheim gives a beautiful description of the scenery of this region, partly taken from the travels of Tristram and Conder. He says:—

"As we ascend from the shores of Gennesaret, we have a receding view of the whole lake and the Jordan Valley beyond. Be-

fore us rise hills. . . . Far off is Hermon with its twin snow-clad heads, and in the dim, far background majestic Lebanon. . . . We next pass through olive groves and up a gentle slope. . . . About an hour and a half farther we strike the ancient Roman road. We are now amidst vines and mulberry-trees. Passing through a narrow, rich valley, we ascend through a rocky wilderness of hills, where the woodbine luxuriantly trails around the plane-trees. On the height there is a glorious view back to Lake Merom and the Jordan Valley, forward to the snowy peaks of Hermon. . . . Another hour, and we are in a plain where all the springs of the Jordan unite. . . . Half an hour more, and we cross a bridge over the bright blue waters of the Jordan, or rather of the Hasbany, which, under a very wilderness of oleanders, honeysuckle, clematis, and wild rose, rush among huge boulders, between walls of basalt. We leave aside, at the distance of about half an hour to the east, the ancient Dan. . . . From Dan olive groves and oak glades slope up to Banias, or Cæsarea Philippi.

"The situation of the ancient Cæsarea Philippi is, indeed, magnificent. Nestling amid three valleys on a terrace in the angle of Hermon, it is almost shut out from view by cliffs and woods. 'Everywhere there is a wild medley of cascades, mulberry-trees, fig-trees, dashing torrents, festoons of vines, bubbling fountains, reeds and ruins, and the mingled music of birds and waters.'* The vegetation and fertility all around are extraordinary. . . . The western side of a steep mountain, crowned by the ruins of an ancient castle, forms an abrupt rock-wall. Here from out an immense cavern bursts a river. These are 'the upper sources of the Jordan.' This cave, an ancient heathen sanctuary of Pan, gave its earliest name of Paneas to the town. Here Herod,† when receiving the tetrarchy from Augustus, built a temple in his honor. When Herod's son, Philip, received the tetrarchy, he enlarged and greatly beautified the ancient Paneas, and called it, in honor of the emperor, Cæsarea Philippi. The castle mount (about one thousand feet above Paneas) takes

*Tristram, "Land of Israel."

† Herod the Great, the father of Archelaus, Antipas, and Philip.

nearly an hour to ascend, and is separated by a deep valley from the flank of Mt. Hermon. The castle itself (about two miles from Banias) is one of the best preserved ruins, its immense bevelled structure resembling the forts of Jerusalem, and showing its age. . . . The views, sheer down the precipitous sides of the mountains, are magnificent."

It was in this region that Jesus and the disciples were walking; and Jesus now felt the approaching storm to be so near that he could no longer leave the disciples in ignorance. He began the conversation thus: "Who do men say that I am?" or, according to Matthew, "Who do men say that the Son of man is?" They answered,—

"Some say, John the Baptist; some, Elijah; and others, Jeremiah, or one of the prophets."

"But whom say ye that I am?"

"And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

The emotion shown in the answer of Jesus gives to this passage a peculiar interest. We see for a moment the heart of Jesus.

"Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jonah; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven."

"And I also say unto thee, That thou art Peter,* and upon this rock † I will build my church; and the gates of Hades ‡ shall not prevail against it."

"I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

"Then charged he the disciples that they should tell no man that he was the Christ."

Before we study this intensely interesting passage, we will recapitulate the events which we have been tracing from the death of John the Baptist to the present moment.

1. The murder of John. (Fiery indignation among the people, and desire for a warlike leader to drive out Herod and the Romans.)

2. Jesus retires to Bethsaida-Julias, in order to be alone and reflect on the situa-

tion. (Feeding of the five thousand. The people follow Jesus in crowds: some of them try to take him by force and make him king.)

3. Jesus sends the disciples in the boat to Bethsaida-Capernaum, and remains on the mountain side to pray alone. "Walking on the water." The multitude follow him in boats. Conversation on the walk to Capernaum, and preaching on the Sabbath (the next day). (John vi.)

4. Jesus seeks to conceal himself from the multitudes and from Herod by going to Syro-Phœnicia. (The cure of the daughter of the Syro-Phœnician woman.) He is followed everywhere.

5. Jesus returns from Syro-Phœnicia, and takes refuge in Decapolis, on the eastern side of the lake. (Healing the deaf and dumb man.) Jesus is still followed by a crowd. (Feeding the four thousand.)

6. Jesus crosses the lake again, and lands near Bethsaida-Julias, at the north. The Pharisees meet and question him. (The cure of the blind man.)

7. The conversation with Peter.

The materialistic ideas of heaven and hell which have prevailed for centuries in the Christian Church have caused a strangely perverted view to be taken of this passage. In the Roman Catholic Church, for instance, the idea has prevailed that Peter was and is, in some sense, a literal doorkeeper, armed with a veritable key, and that heaven is a *place* with a door, into which (after death) people are admitted on certain conditions.

But heaven, as most of us have learned, is not a *place*. Heaven is a *state*. Heaven means love and truth. Those who live in an atmosphere of love and truth are in heaven now. Those who live in an atmosphere of selfishness, cruelty, hatred, are in hell.* How, then, can *Peter*, how can any one, admit us to the kingdom of heaven?

The mission of Jesus was to establish the kingdom of heaven on earth, and through his nation, the Jews, to become the religious leader of the human race. The condi-

* There is a story in Swedenborg's writings of a soul in hell who asked an angel to gain admittance to heaven for him. His request was granted. But in heaven he suffered tenfold more than in hell, and implored, as the greatest mercy, to be allowed to return to "his own place."

* Greek, Petros. † Petra. Greek for rock.

‡ Revised version.

tions of success were that the Jews should lay down their revengeful feelings toward the Romans, receive into full brotherhood the Gentile converts who were already admitted to the synagogues, but excluded from the Temple, and accept a religion of peace and forgiveness. He pressed his views on the priests at Jerusalem, and was rejected, and (at last) so hated that his life was in danger. He turned to the Pharisees, and was again disappointed. He then tried the common people; it seemed the last chance. By the murder of Herod this hope was overthrown. His own disciples did not understand him. So little did they enter into his trials and difficulties that even now, when he warned them against the ideas of the Pharisees, they thought his mind was occupied with providing bread for the journey. He had now fled for days before his enemy, Herod, and his yet more dangerous friends; and it occurred to him to ask of what the disciples were thinking, to find out what was in their minds, and how they regarded the situation. For it was not long since "many of his disciples went back, and walked with him no more."*

When we consider all this, we perceive why Peter's answer gave so bright a ray of hope and comfort to Jesus in that dark hour. Here was one disciple who, instead of losing heart and faith, growing timid and despondent, had received, as if by inspiration, a great and sudden light, which showed him Jesus as he was, the divinely appointed leader and teacher. What wonder that Jesus uttered that eager expression of joy and—it is not irreverent to add the word—gratitude. How a reformer loves and thanks those who *believe* in him, not when he is triumphant, but when he is defeated!

But the words of Jesus to Peter are more than an expression of joy and blessing. How should the faith of Peter in Jesus place in his hands the keys of the kingdom of heaven?

† "The kingdom of heaven is Christianity; the key is that which opens the door of

Christianity; binding and loosing is opening and shutting the door.*

"The mistake the Church has made concerning this doctrine of the keys has been to make the power of the keys something arbitrary. . . . It has been supposed that Christ gave to Peter the power of deciding in an arbitrary way as to who should be admitted into heaven or excluded, or that he has given to the Church an arbitrary power of receiving members into it or excommunicating them. But the power here given is not formal, but real; not depending on any man's will or pleasure, but fixed in the nature of things. It is a power universally given to knowledge and insight. All true insight is a key with which to bind or loose, to open or shut. . . .

"Knowledge, in the mind of any one, is a key by which he can open the door of science or of art to others. When the knowledge is only of facts or of laws, it can be communicated without enthusiasm or inspiration. But the higher kinds of knowledge require these. Spiritual and moral truth must be taught in a living way,—not in the letter, but in the spirit. To bear witness to such truths, no hearsay information will suffice, but only personal conviction. Flesh and blood cannot reveal it, but only 'my Father which is in heaven.'

"It was this sort of knowledge concerning Christ which Peter at that moment possessed. He, like other Jews, had expected the Christ to come in a grand outward way, with pomp and power, with signs from heaven, living in Jerusalem like a king, leading great armies against the Romans, and driving them out, and placing the Jewish nation at the head of mankind. All at once it flashed into the soul of Peter that this Jesus of Nazareth, the carpenter's son, the poor peasant of Galilee, was the great Messiah who was to come. This holy truth and love in him, this heavenly goodness, this strange wisdom, which moulded all minds, was the true sign of his divinity. It was but a momentary glimpse of the truth, but a glorious one. It was swept away the very next moment by the returning wave of prejudice and old opinion, so that Jesus was obliged, directly after, to call Peter

* See revised version for this passage, John vi. 68. Peter says, "We have believed and know that thou art the Holy One of God," not "Christ of God," as in the common version.

† The passage quoted is from a sermon called "The Power of the Keys," in "The Hour which cometh," by James Freeman Clarke.

* Doors were formerly fastened by ropes. The key was used to untie the rope.

Satan. But Jesus beheld in this momentary insight the germ of a living faith, and said, 'On this rock will I build my Church.'

"Personal, living faith in Christ is the key to Christianity. All who have this faith, from the pope in the Vatican to the poorest slave on a Southern plantation, have the key to the kingdom of heaven; and what they bind on earth is bound in heaven, what they loose on earth is loosed in heaven: that is, when they open the door, it is opened; and, when they shut the door, it is shut. . . .

"Not to Peter alone, not to the apostles alone, but to all of us, Jesus says, 'What ye bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: what ye loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.' Whenever we are faithful to our convictions, true to the light God shows to us, unselfish and generous, we open the gateway of heaven to those who are with us. Whenever we are selfish and unbelieving and hard, we shut the gateway. The spirit we are in inevitably communicates itself by our voice and tone, and preaches to others truth, generosity, humility, faith, or unbelief, selfishness, doubt, despair. Influence falls from us, at every moment, for good or evil. We say, by our state of mind, that there is something real in truth, in virtue, in love, that immortality is not a dream, that heaven is close at hand, that life is rich in great opportunities. We say this every moment, when we are in a right state of mind; and, in saying this, we unlock heaven to others, and lead them in. Or we say to others, by our formality, by our coldness, by our self-seeking, that religion is empty, that Christianity is only a name, that life is a weariness, that all things are vanity, that love is an illusion, that the gospel is a cheat and a lie. And, saying this, we lock the doors of heaven, we turn away from God those who are seeking him, we make infidels and sceptics, we corrupt innocent and childlike hearts by our worldliness. Such eternal consequences follow our trivial earthly action. So it is that what we bind on earth is bound in heaven, that what we loose on earth is loosed in heaven."

L. F. C.

As Christ reveals God to man by his life and words, so Christians by their lives and words must reveal Christ to their fellow-men.

J. F. C.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all matter for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass.]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise, she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.—Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" *Unless otherwise stated, all books offered in this department are given, and the postage paid.*

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall I send such a book to such a person?*" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

A four-pound package is the most that can be sent by *mail*. The postage on four pounds of *magazines* is 16 cts., on four pounds of *books* 32 cts.

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It is contrary to our rules to send requests for anything but reading matter. Those who infringe this rule will be dropped from our list.

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REQUESTS.

READ DIRECTIONS AT BEGINNING OF BOOK CLUB BEFORE WRITING.

Libraries.

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Mrs. O. A. Langston, Sidney, Comanche County, Texas;

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Mrs. D. Jayne, Cayuta, Schuyler County, New York;

Mrs. Emma Miner, Lisbon, New Hampshire;

Stephen D. Rhoden, La Pine, Crenshaw County, Alabama;

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Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary.

The Book Club secretary ventures to suggest that, if all those who are *able* to pay postage on the books for which they ask would do so, they would probably themselves receive more books, without mentioning the advantage to others unable to pay postage.

Mrs. C. S. Stowell, Magnolia, Boulder County, Colorado, asks for "Boys at Chequasset" and "Faith Gartney's Girlhood" for her lending library.

(Mrs. Stowell has asked several times for these books, but has not received them.)

Any young person (girl or boy), between twelve and twenty years old, is invited to write to us a short letter, telling something about himself or herself. Address these letters to Mrs. Nichols, the secretary of the Book Club, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass. Be sure to give your own full name and address, and your father's or mother's name and address.

To explain what we want to hear from you, we will suggest some subjects to write about. Describe your home and neighborhood; how you occupy yourself through the day; your age, and the names and ages of your brothers and sisters; whether you go to school, and, if not, what opportunities for study you have at home; what periodicals you are receiving through *The Cheerful Letter*; if there are churches or schools anywhere near you; whether you would like to correspond with any young person of your own age in another part of the country; what are your favorite books and favorite pursuits.

These letters will be printed in *The Cheerful Letter*, so far as there is room for them.

(We have received very few letters in response to this request, printed once already

in the June number. We print it again, reminding our young readers that by responding they will be more likely to receive books. *N.B.* 1. Write clearly. 2. Write short letters. 3. Write on one side only of the paper.)

The full-grown readers of *The Cheerful Letter* will confer a favor on the Book Club secretary by sending her a postal card and letting her know how many and what books they have received through *The Cheerful Letter*, and what periodicals they are receiving at present. This is intended especially for those who have not received much. We fear that there are some people who ask once or twice for a book, and perhaps do not receive it, and then never ask again, and so receive almost nothing, while others ask and receive often.

The place where I live (Hardscrabble) has no religious nor educational privileges, except the district school. The people are nearly all poor, and many of them ignorant. Still, I have found that the offer of an interesting book is nearly always gratefully received.

My own small library, of two hundred volumes, has been freely lent, together with such magazines and papers as I have had; and I should be pleased to have your assistance in reaching a class who would otherwise have very little reading matter.

I should be pleased to receive any works on botany or floriculture, as I think I could employ them usefully. I should like any or all of Thackeray's works, or those of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney or "Pansy." We have part of Dickens's work, but should like "Nicholas Nickleby," "Barnaby Rudge," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Old Curiosity Shop," or "Hard Times." Any books on ancient history except the histories of Greece and Rome, which I have, will be gratefully received. Mrs. W. A. Cutting, Moultonboro, New Hampshire. (Not Hardscrabble.)

I want to tell you all how much happier and pleasanter the thirteenth year, and especially the long winter, of my invalid life has passed, through the kindness of the dear friends who have written me many nice letters and sent me magazines and books. I have enjoyed them all, and the love and kindness have helped me as much

as the good books. If I am not as punctual in answering my letters, please don't forget me. I have many cares, and but little strength. This spring is the first time in ten years I have been able to walk around the house a little. I would like to read the Life of George Eliot if any one has it. With a fervent "God bless you all." Mrs. J. L. Bergh, Cobleskill, New York.

My husband is pastor of the Presbyterian church in this town, and my work as pastor's wife takes me into the homes of all classes; and I find myself cramped in my work among the cotton-mill operatives for want of a few good books to lend out among them. A slender salary has allowed few additions to our library except just such books as were necessary for my husband's pulpit preparation. I could do a vast amount of good with "John Halifax," Miss Mulock; "Esther Reid," Pansy; "Seven-oaks," J. G. Holland; "Cranford," Mrs. Gaskell; "Knight of the Nineteenth Century," E. P. Roe; "The Schönberg-Cotta Family," Mrs. Charles; and for my own use would greatly like "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," Walter Besant. I am sure you would not think my request immoderate if you knew my opportunities for using these books in stimulating a taste for better reading, and offering higher ideals of life. Mrs. W. P. McCorkle, Alamance County, Graham, North Carolina.

I have several correspondents who would like to receive the *Christian Register* regularly. Will any one who is willing to send current numbers (weekly or almost every week) kindly let me know, and I will furnish the addresses. Write to L. Freeman Clarke, Magnolia, Mass. (until September 30).

I am crippled with the rheumatism, not able to do anything, and would be thankful for some reading. The *Youth's Companion* is my choice, only I will thank you for anything you may send. I am twenty-two years of age, live in the country. Ben. F. Thompson, Tatum P.O., Orange County, Virginia.

Mr. Stephen Smith, of The Hollow, Virginia, an old man aged eighty-five, would be pleased to receive reading matter.

Miss Elsie J. Hurd, South Acton, Maine, would like to receive reading.

(Will Miss Hurd not write us a little more fully her age, surroundings, whether an invalid or not, etc.? These details interest our helpers, and bring a response.)

I would be very thankful if some one would send me the *Century Magazine* for 1889. I would pay the postage on it. Miss Mary B. Pedigo, The Hollow, Virginia.

I am the mother of nine children; and, as we have had several crop failures, I have no money to buy reading. Have two daughters who enjoy reading as well as my husband. Should be glad to receive books, papers, or magazines. Any one writing please enclose postal or stamp, as I am not able to buy. Mrs. John Clausen, Naper, Boyd County, Nebraska.

(Names, ages, etc., of the children are always interesting. When possible, let one of the young people write. See request in this number.)

Mrs. D. C. Curtis, Flint, Michigan, asks that some one will remember her with reading. As she is seventy-two years of age, and has weak eyes, would be glad of coarse print.

Albert Schiller, Neckowin, Oregon, will be glad to receive reading for himself and neighbors, many of whom are Germans and cannot read English.

Mrs. M. W. Tyner, 916 North Ninth Street, Lincoln, Nebraska, would be very glad of *Childhood* and *Outlook* to read and lend.

Mrs. Rosa Haller, Montevallo, Vernon County, Missouri, who lives eight miles from town, with no church or Sunday-school privileges, desires reading.

I am an invalid, confined to my bed, live eight miles in the country, and very isolated. Any reading matter you can send me will surely be appreciated, and will do double duty; for I will send it, when read, to others who are as isolated as myself. You surely do not realize the great pleasure your society can give in this line. I would be glad to get any kind of reading matter, but especially solid literature,—the works of Fiske, the *Arena*, the *North American Review*, etc. I would also like "Beside the Bonnie Brier

Bush" and any current newspaper. Any matter sent me will be read by several isolated families, and passed on. F. R. Osborne, Athens, Texas.

Mrs. Emma M. Backus has moved from High Point, North Carolina, to Saluda, North Carolina. Will her correspondents please notice this change of address?

The editor will be glad to receive the present address of Mrs. John Morgan (lately Lacombe, Alberta, Canada). Can some one send her this? Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Magnolia, Mass.

LETTERS.

I am thirteen years old, have two sisters and two brothers. Alice is eighteen years old. She is staying with my aunt at Lockwood, Missouri, where she went to go to school last winter. Frank is sixteen years old the first of next month. Harvey is eleven, and Lillie will soon be eight. We have never been to school much, but hope to go this coming winter, if we get a school-house. We have Sunday-school at a neighbor's house, and have quite a little library of story books and papers sent by some of the Cheerful Letter Book Club. It was a grand thing, for many of the people who are without reading. We live on a broad prairie, have lots of neighbors, but no town nearer than nineteen miles. Many people live in the little sod shanty or dug-out and the claim; but we live in a small, two-roomed house, having moved out of the dug-out. I stay with the wife of our postmaster most of the time, only coming home to help mamma wash and iron and scrub. Mrs. C. is teaching me to write; and I help her with all the housework,—cook, wash, iron, churn, hoe the garden, and feed the chickens and cows. In the afternoon I have some hours to read and write and sew. I dearly love to sew; and I have pieced me a whole quilt out of the pieces that were too small for mamma's quilt. Miss B. sent my sister Lillie a doll, and I love to make dresses for it. We are all fond of reading, but I don't know what are my favorite books, for I like anything I can get, unless it is the long stories; but I think I would like to read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and would like natural history for the boys, and we were

delighted with "Black Beauty." We don't receive any papers now, through *The Cheerful Letter* or otherwise, except the *Youth's Companion*, which is sent to my brother Frank by a boy in Canada. We like it very much. We would very much like some school books before school commences. I want a fourth reader and speller, and Frank wants a fourth. Lillie needs a first reader, Harvey a speller, if we can get McGuffey's books, as they are used here. This country has only been settled three years, and has never raised a crop. With love from one of your little girl friends. Callie Smith, Compton, Oklahoma.

I am only seventeen years old. Seven years ago this month God saw fit to take from me the wonderful blessing of health. Shut away from the world's pleasure, but not shut away from God.

A sufferer's life is a sad life. Yet it is as they make it, a life of peacefulness or bitterness. There is little I can do but read and sew and write, though of late I have done but little writing, as I had to drop some of my correspondence, as postage is too scarce. Most of my sewing is crazy work. The pieces were sent me three or so years ago by kind unknown friends. As to describing my home, will say I live in the country, six miles from any railroad town, and a mile and a half from a post-office or a church or school. To a nature-loving soul it is a beautiful picture that meets the eye in summer. As one looks off, they can see woods and woods on all sides. I love to rest my eyes on nature's grand picture, as the sun is sinking in its westward bed of glowing light, listening to the birds carolling their sweet songs in some distant tree-top.

When I reached the age of ten and found the door of health closed to me, then ended my school days, so ended all educational privileges. But I was not to live always without gaining a little knowledge of what education meant to a hungry soul. While I was grieving over my loss, a way was being provided for me; and, since becoming acquainted with *The Cheerful Letter*, I have had reading, thanks to the kind-hearted friends of *Cheerful Letter*. Oh, what a gift and blessing to one craving for an education! I receive through two *Cheer-*

ful Letter friends the *Ladies' Home Journal* and Munsey's *Magazine* regularly.

I like biographical works, though I have read but one book of that work, but a number of sketches of the lives of noble people. I love all good books, be they religious, educational, or fiction, etc.; and, if they be good, they are my friends. I always like to feel, after reading a book, that I have gained some new thought, and have learned something new. I have only one brother, Robert, aged twenty years. I have no sister. My mother's name is Mrs. Clara E. Mingos. Sincerely, Bertha Mabel Mingos, Independence, Allegany County, New York.

We live in the country, fifteen miles from depot, three miles from office, and three miles from any church. We go to Sunday-school every Sunday and preaching every fourth Sunday. Ma goes Saturday, and lets us go Sunday, so we can be at Sunday-school. Papa is sick so much that Walter has to support the family. He is seventeen. Mary and I help to do all we can. Mary is ten, and I am thirteen, Eddie is six, Curry is four, and Gordon is two. We haven't a neighbor under a mile from us, and we keep so busy we hardly ever see any one except at Sunday-school. Mamma had Sunday-school here; but her health gave way, so she sends us all to church now, but still tries to furnish them in papers, etc., that are needed. I dearly love music, and wish so much ma was able to get a piano or organ, and I could take lessons. I want to prepare myself for teaching. Mamma was sick most of last winter, and I could not go to school. I feel that I missed so much. I did not have books of my own, or I could have studied some. I want Bingham's Latin Grammar, Holmes's History of United States, Holmes's Speller, and First Reader for Mary and Eddie, and Venerable's Practical Arithmetic. Our school is over two miles off, and is taught seven months, commencing September or October. I milk, and Mary and I help cook, clean house and dishes. Bernice A. Bailey, Rough Creek, Virginia.

I send you the sad word of my mother's death (Mrs. Margaret C. Smith), who after a severe illness and so much suffering, yet so patient, went away from us June 20. I find

she has taken your paper since November, 1894. She has sewed them together in book form; and, if you could see them, you would know how much she liked them, as they are worn and marked. You will find a letter in February, 1895, number of *Cheerful Letter* from mother. She dearly loved her shut-in work. It helped her pass many weary and lonesome hours away; and, as she had a large circle of pen friends, would you please publish a notice of her death in your paper, so her many pen friends may know why she does not write to them? With many thanks for the bright hours you have been the means of giving mother, Mrs. Ella Pratt, Box 322, Lagrange, Indiana.

My deceased husband (John W. Lang) wished me to write you after his death, thanking every one who had ever contributed reading for him, as it had been a great comfort, and enlivened many tedious hours. He passed quietly away June 24, after weeks of great suffering, with full confidence in the God of the mourners and that all would be bright in the future. Mrs. J. W. Lang, Bowdoinham, Maine.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TRUTHFULNESS IN CHILDREN.

This is matter in which every parent—yes, every person who has anything to do with children—should feel a deep interest. The indifference of many parents is astonishing and deplorable.

I feel moved to say a few words upon this question, for I believe I had a good measure of success with my four children. First of all, I tried to be perfectly truthful with them, never to deceive them in any way, and was careful to fulfil all promises, if it was possible to do so. If obliged to disappoint them, the reasons were fully explained; and it was “made up” to them in some way, either by some other gratification or by renewing the promise to be fulfilled at some other time. As they passed beyond infancy, I trusted them, and had no cause to regret it. Accidents and misdemeanors were not concealed, for they knew that nothing they could do would grieve me so much as any deception, nor do I think my leniency made them care-

less, for they valued my approval; and, as early as could be reasonably expected, I think, they valued their own. I trust no one will think I wish to represent my children as perfect. All have their faults; but on that point of truthfulness, the foundation and crown of character, I do think I was successful, and this training was almost the only thing I could give them. We were poor, living in a sparsely settled new country,—a little log school-house here and there, the only meeting place for any purpose; but, when I recall those days of toil and privation, it seems the happiest part of my life. The mother is almost an absolute providence to her children when they are small, and it takes so little then to make them happy.

Mothers who have your little ones about you, be not in haste for their childhood to pass. All too soon the years when they are all your own will pass away, and, if their lives are spared, their steps will seek new paths. Their early years are the seed-time that may bring forth a precious harvest for both you and them.

F. E. B.

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

Question.

“Will you explain Rom. iii. 7? (I do not see how a lie can be fruitful for good); also Rom. iv. 5, viii. 8, viii. 22. (Oh, this beautiful world! Our heavenly Father made it, and it is beautiful!)”

M. I. W.

Answer.

Read the whole passage. Notice that Paul says in verse eight that he is *slandorously* reported to say, “Let us do evil, that good may come.”

The Epistle to the Romans has some difficult passages; but a part of the difficulty is cleared away, if we remember:—

1st. That Paul is *arguing* with opponents.

2d. That the reasons and arguments of these opponents were familiar to him, and so they are sometimes not stated. We have Paul's answer, but not the argument of the adversary.

3d. Sometimes, however, he does quote a few words or state the other side of the question. These sentences are not in quotation-marks, so we must be careful to distin-

guish them from Paul's own thoughts. We cannot do this if we take one verse out of a passage, not noticing its connection.

4th. In this instance Paul has been speaking of the goodness and long-suffering of God to both Jew and Gentile, and that it is the *undeserved* love and goodness of God that leads men to repentance (Rom. ii. 4); and he sees that there may be, nay,—*has* actually been,—a perversion of this doctrine, and it leads captious critics to accuse him of teaching that sin may be a good thing, being the cause of God's forgiving love and of sincere repentance. A part of the Epistle to the Romans is devoted to an earnest, indignant denial of this.

In the verse you quote (Rom. iii. 7) he is speaking in the person of his antagonist.

Here is a paraphrase, or translation, of the passage into modern phraseology.

III. 1. (But you may say) what advantage has the Jewish nation? (over the Gentile races, if God loves and forgives both equally).

2. Is it not a great deal that the Jews were selected to receive the revelation given by God to their prophets?

3. For, although they have not all deserved the favor of God, and some of them rejected the prophets and rejected Christ, the Messiah, would God on that account fail to keep *his* word and to fulfil his promises to them? (Paul stops short in horror at the blasphemous idea.)

4. Perish the thought!* We must hold fast our faith in God's goodness and truth, if we gave up faith in every man in the world! (Then a quotation, Ps. li. 4.)

5. (But the objector may urge a still bolder argument, namely), Is it not unjust that man should be punished by God for sin, when through that very sin the goodness of God is more clearly manifested? (Paul stops to ask forgiveness for so irreverent an idea, "humanly speaking, for the sake of the argument," he interjects.)

6. †Away with so preposterous a suggestion! If that were so, how could God judge the world? (And we know that he will judge it. So the reasoning must be fallacious.)

* It is not "God forbid," literally, The name of God does not appear. The phrase is literally, "Let it not be so!" and has the sense of pushing away a suggestion.

† Not "God forbid!" but as in v. 4.

Paul considers that he has, by the statement of this impious reasoning, exhibited its folly. To see it as he does, we must remember that, to a Jew of Paul's type, the goodness of God, his justice and right to govern man absolutely, was a first principle. To state the argument of his adversary,—to show that it impugned the *character of God*,—he had brought it to a *reductio ad absurdum*, and need go no further. Absolute allegiance to God,—“Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him,”—that was the position of the loyal Jew.*

7. (Paul, having vehemently denied the statements of his captious opponents, follows the blasphemous argument out to its conclusion.) And if the fidelity† of God in keeping his promises is made more prominent by the faithlessness of man, it might be maintained that man's delinquency in this respect was no sin at all. (See where this sort of logic brings us!)

8. And, indeed, people have actually slandered me to the extent of saying that I taught that it was right to do evil that good may come! (by laying stress on faith as compared with works). (I do not answer this imputation: these wretched sophists) will be judged and condemned as they richly deserve.‡

Rom. iv. 5. We can scarcely do justice to this passage in a few lines, for a careful consideration involves the whole question of the doctrine of Justification by Faith. Here is the central idea, however.

Take Abraham, the ancestor of the whole Jewish race. What did he do to *earn* the favor of God? Nothing: he had *faith* in God (v. 3), and that was what gained him God's favor.

4. What a man deserves by his righteous actions is his due: it is like the wages of a workman,—a debt paid to him. It is not given to him freely, out of love.

5. But a man may not even have done righteous actions; and yet if, at any time,—even *before* he has done any virtuous deeds,—he will trust God and accept forgiveness

* The whole Jewish nation was a *theocracy*: the laws were *God's* laws.

† “Truth” and “lie” have here the sense of fidelity and infidelity.

‡ See Farrar and Sanday for this passage; and, for the general subject, Epistle to the Romans; “The Ideas of Paul,” James Freeman Clarke.

from him, that is enough. God will forgive the sinner, and the sinner's faith in God's love is a good thing in itself. Yes, without a single good deed to support or prove it. (See Rom. v. 8; Luke xv. 20.)

Rom. viii. 8, "So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God."

This is only another form of teaching the oft-repeated truth, "Ye cannot serve two masters." No one can be self-indulgent, and make ease, pleasure, and luxury his object, and at the same time follow the law of self-sacrifice, by which man becomes more and more like God. The law of duty must be supreme.

The editor has lately received several numbers of the *Christian Register* with the initials "S. M. D." on the wrapper. She appreciates the kind intentions of the sender, but would ask her to be good enough to write to her (the editor) for the address of a correspondent who will be glad to receive the paper. The editor cannot herself make use of it. N.B.—She is always grateful for an offer to send the *Register* regularly, having many correspondents who would enjoy receiving it. It is of course as easy for the giver to address the paper to the receiver as to the editor, else she would not ask it.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SEA.

To those who are "shut-in," wholly or in part, either by circumstances or affliction, from the ordinary paths of life, it remains not only to hold fast to the faith and hope that have sustained us hitherto, but to "gather up the fragments" of all that may strengthen or solace.

Every real love or friendship, every treasure gathered in the fair fields of knowledge or the sweet gardens of literature, every true joy, ay, and the chastened memories of sorrow,—we have need of them all. Perhaps also the thoughts that have kept us company while our hands have been busy. And I hope there are few who have not seen with appreciative eyes something of the beauty and glory of this world of ours, and stored away mental pictures which may be brought forth at will to solace and delight.

One of the mental pictures to which I often recur is my one real glimpse of the sea. I think I have an inherited longing for the sea. My ancestors lived for generations on the coast of Connecticut in the old towns of Lyme and Saybrook, and the dearest stories of my childhood began, "Down to Lyme." I had seen both great oceans, but only from city wharves. But there came a day when I found myself crossing the mouth of the great Columbia, and then for the first time set my foot on the beach, and looked out over the mighty Pacific. It was only for a day, but I made the most of its hours. I watched the tide in its ebb and flow, saw the waves dancing in the sun one hour and sullenly rolling in shadow the next, saw the dark smoke banners of the great ocean steamers and the "white sails of ships." I watched the sun to his setting; and, as his level rays gilded all that wilderness of waters, I thought of the "sea of glass mingled with fire," and wondered if that better country would indeed be fairer if there should be "no more sea." I took one long look to fix the scene in my memory, gathered a few mementoes, and bade farewell. But that day stands alone; and I can close my eyes and forget the dark firs that shut me in, and summon the vision at will.

F. E. B.

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

CHARADES.

Invention had but just begun,
And even history was young,
When the fine wit of man contrived
An embryo help which long survived.
My *first*, by evolution's aid,
This simple friend of man is made
To serve inventions old and new,
And ease our labors, not a few.
Without it railways were not known,
Nor steamships rushed from zone to zone.
Watches could no more tell the time,
Nor Ferris wheel to heaven climb.

Bicyclers would no more be glad
To rival races swift and mad.
In Central Park would not appear
So many a glad, gay charioteer.
My *second* is the root of law,
And fights all wrong, allows no flaw.
A good mechanic is my *whole*,
A faithful worker in his rôle.

S. F. C.

My *first* the poor man finds a welcome bed;
 My *next* and *third* to rich and poor is gladly
 fed;
 My *whole's* a welcome fruit, both white and
 red.

S. F. C.

ANAGRAMS.

I.

High 'mong sciences and ——
 Ranks the study of art and ——
 And many an earnest student,
 Watching varied phenomena,
 Might envy the —— far away,
 'Neath the nebulae he doth love;
 For though —— molest them below,
 They have all God's heaven above.
 (Four letters.)

E. P. P.

I do want my —— to grow;
 But the —— environ it so
 Hardly will the —— keep back.
 So men ——, and say, Alack!
 I have lost my self-control,
 Which —— as a power of the soul.
 (Five letters.)

E. P. P.

With lily-pads our oars were ——
 With eager hands the blossoms ——
 We said, Dull care away ——
 Echo answered ——

CHARADES.

I.

Cut off my head, and I am singular;
 Cut off my tail, and plural I appear;
 Cut off my head and tail,—O wondrous
 feat,—
 For, though my middle's left, there's nothing
 there.

II.

What is my head cut off? A sounding sea.
 What is my tail cut off? A rushing river.
 And in its mingling depths I fearless play,
 Parent of sweetest sounds, yet mute forever.

PUZZLES.

The following sentences illustrate words
 ending in Kate or cate, as:—

I. Kate never tells the exact truth=—
 equivocate.

II. Kate has the gift of prophecy.

III. Kate is destructive and disorderly.

IV. Kate is dainty, frail, and gentle.

V. Kate imparts much information.

VI. Kate is entirely devoted to a special
 object.

VII. Kate is humble and anxious, always
 expressing regret.

VIII. Kate resigns her honors to others.

IX. Kate is an eloquent pleader.

X. Kate is a perplexing person. She
 cannot be read at a glance.

XI. Kate does good work in developing
 both mental and physical powers.

XII. Kate has an influence for evil. She
 excites and stupefies her victims.

XIII. Kate is unreliable and deceitful.

XIV. Kate is sparkling and brilliant.

XV. Kate entirely destroys what she
 does not approve.

XVI. Kate, if offended, will invoke ven-
 geance upon you.

XVII. Kate helps people out of difficul-
 ties.

XVIII. Kate will die if deprived of air.

XIX. Kate kindly points out the way.

XX. Kate will defend you and proclaim
 your innocence.

XXI. Kate is always confused and be-
 wildered.

XXII. Kate is full of business, con-
 cerned in many great financial and indus-
 trial projects.

XXIII. Kate has a way of putting
 certain things out of place.

XXIV. Kate tries and settles claims.

XXV. Kate leads a country life.

XXVI. Kate has a twin.

XXVII. Kate to some persons denies
 church privileges.

XXVIII. Kate seizes upon the property
 of others.

XXIX. Kate brings others into trouble.

XXX. Kate believes in accustoming one
 to home life.

XXXI. Kate adds to the difficulty of
 many a case.

XXXII. Kate designates or settles upon
 particular places.

XXXIII. Kate assures you that what is
 asserted is true.

XXXIV. Kate departs.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

Charmed, Harmed, Armed.

Because his tale comes out of his head.

ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS IN MAY NUMBER.

1. Paces, Capes, Space, Scape.

2. Veers, Serve, Sever, Reves, Verse.

3. Plates, Pleats, Palest, Palets, Pastel,
 Petals, Staple.

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN JUNE NUMBER.

The Cheerful Letter.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be no meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange in July, August, September.

The personal address of our treasurer, Miss Louise Howe, will be Box 21, Nahant, Mass., until farther notice. But subscriptions may be sent to her or left for her at 25 Beacon Street, at any season.

The editor's personal address will be Magnolia, Mass., from June 10 until the last of September. She would kindly request the friends of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to send their subscriptions and changes of address to Miss Howe, not to her; and offers of books to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary, according to directions on this page.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

Our Book Club department has grown so large that we shall ask of all who in the future write to us for books to send the name of some minister as a reference,—when possible, the minister of the church to which they belong.

We remind all who send parcels or boxes with books, papers, etc., to correspondents or to libraries, that it is absolutely necessary to write at the same time to the receiver, enclosing the receipt which shows that the express or freight charges on the package

have been paid. For want of this precaution, valuable packages have never been received. It is not probable that any of our *Cheerful Letter* friends send packages without prepaying them, but it is a common mistake of the express agents to charge the receiver for a prepaid package.

N.B.—PLEASE READ DIRECTIONS AT BEGINNING OF BOOK CLUB BEFORE WRITING FOR BOOKS.

As we seek to do God's will and depend on his providence, we know him more and more, until at last he becomes as real to us as that all-surrounding nature which is his manifestation. J. F. C.

I see what we need, in order to be saved from anxiety, worry, and depression. We need a true and spiritual theory of life. We need the inspiration of a nobler principle. We need to be inwardly supported by confidence in the Power by which we live. And we need a rational standard of values, so that we shall not feel too much impoverished by the loss of any kind of perishable good.—C. G. Ames.

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR OF "CHEERFUL LETTER,"—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Magnolia, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass.

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